

government will actually go into competition with rice merchants by establishing a state trading corporation that will buy up huge portions of the crop, sell them at "fair" prices directly to retail outlets.

Such bureaucratic tinkering, of course, will not get at the root of the problem: the need to raise agricultural yields through modern methods. The U.S.'s Ford Foundation and the Agency for International Development (AID) have begun pilot programs designed to teach farmers better techniques. These programs have increased production dramatically in several small areas, chiefly through the use of fertilizer, improved seed, pesticides, credit and better implements. But it will be years before such programs can have national impact in a country that doggedly resists change. Meanwhile, Delhi leans heavily on purchases of surplus wheat from the U.S., which under the Public Law 480 program, has averaged 300,000 tons per month since 1960.

MALAYSIA

Amok But Not Asunder

It was the Prophet's 1,394th year to heaven, and the Malay Silat of Singapore were bursting with birthday fervor. The Silat are Moslem warriors who wear black sarongs and practice a karate-like form of combat. About 100 of them brought up the rear of a procession as it made its way last week from Singapore's rambling old cricket field through the center of town, when a Chinese traffic cop ordered them to tighten their ranks so as not to obstruct traffic. A few of the Silat knocked him flat, and in an instant the rest of the Malay crowd reminded everyone that *amok* is a Malay word.

Quick Retaliation. Screaming "*Pukul China!*" ("Strike the Chinese!"), the Malays descended thousands strong into Singapore's Chinese neighborhoods, burning cars, hurling motor scooters

into drainage ditches, smashing shop windows, and trying the keen edges of their parangs on Chinese throats.

The Chinese were quick to retaliate. Abetted by members of the Triad Society, an illegal but ill-contained gang of Chinese extortionists, pimps, gunmen and gamblers, they took advantage of a break in the hastily imposed curfew to murder a few Malays. One had his head shattered by a hammer, another was scalped by the ragged edge of a broken bottle, and an Indian photographer was found with a cargo hook in his forehead. Before the week was out, 21 Chinese and Malays were dead, 454 injured, and the handsome, prosperous city itself had temporarily become a ghost town. Armored cars carrying cops and troops whispered through Singapore's old colonial arcades over streets covered by a snowfall of broken glass.

Rumahs Were Rife. Singapore's violence has its roots in old racial antagonisms. When Sir Stamford Raffles founded the colony in 1819, there were virtually no Chinese on the sultry island. But since the native Malays were indolent, the British encouraged diligent, apolitical Chinese to come aboard, and today the city-state's population is 74% Chinese. The Malays kept to themselves in their rustic kampongs (villages), jammed into smelly, unlighted thatch-roofed *rumahs*, which were rife with disease.

Wealthy Chinese, on the other hand, built villas, staffed them with servants and concubines, and took charge of Singapore's economy with little opposition. With an annual per capita income of \$450, Singapore today is the wealthiest city in Southeast Asia. But the Malays simply said "*Tida apa*" ("It doesn't matter"), and rationalized their lowly condition with the help of the Koran, which they interpret as condemning commercial endeavor. As a result, the Malays are largely chauffeurs, street cleaners, firemen and cops,



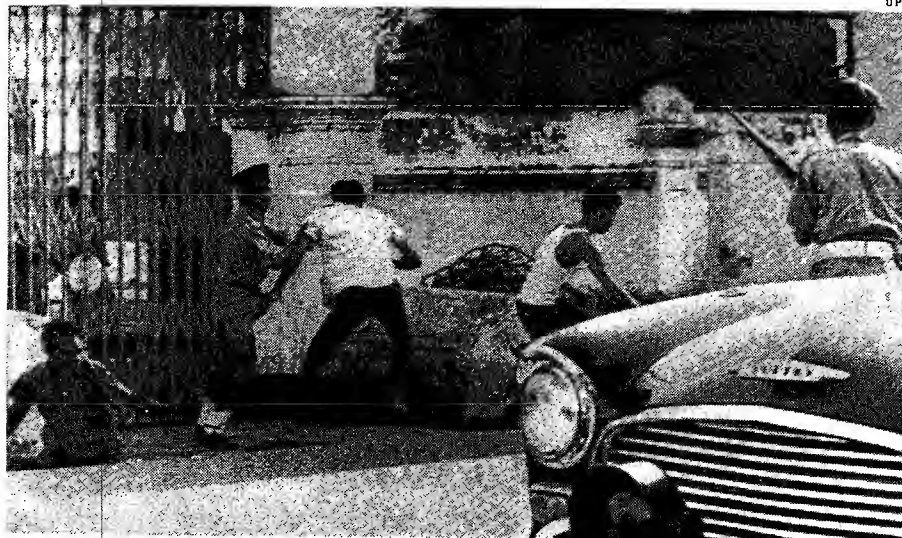
THE TUNKU AT WASHINGTON MOSQUE
Wanted, more than sergeants.

while the bulk of the Chinese are shopkeepers or larger entrepreneurs.

Out of Control. When the Federation of Malaysia, consisting of Singapore, Malaya, North Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei, was formed last September, the new nation gave a slight numerical edge to the Malays—42% of the 10 million population as opposed to 38% Chinese. The leader of Singapore's Chinese community, Lee Kuan Yew, was a firm backer of the multiracial federation. As Prime Minister (in effect, mayor) of Singapore, "Harry" Lee, though nominally a socialist, had kept Singapore wide open to free enterprise, and fought the Communists hard. At the same time, he did much to help the city's Malay minority. He became so popular in Singapore that in last fall's city elections his People's Action Party won handily over the Malay-dominated United Malaysia National Organization, the party of the federation's Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman.

Lee also challenged the Tunku's U.M.N.O. in national policies; while he did not get very far, the Malays resented it. Party polemicists, who were not encouraged by the Tunku but not sufficiently curbed by him either, falsely charged that Lee was pro-Communist, demanded his arrest, burned him in effigy. One leaflet distributed in Singapore bluntly advised: "Before Malay blood flows in Singapore, it is best to flood the state with Chinese blood." It was this sort of racist prodding that contributed to last week's violence.

Anything You Like. As Singapore's rioting subsided into sullen, sporadic outbursts, Prime Minister Abdul Rahman was still busy in Washington. To counter Indonesia's threat that it will "crush Malaysia"—which it probably



CHINESE & MALAYS CLASHING IN SINGAPORE
Potentially, more dangerous than Sukarno.

could do, thanks to Soviet aid in arms and training—the Tunku was seeking U.S. military assistance. Sukarno, said the Tunku, “is to us what Hitler was to Europe.”

The U.S. is still determined not to bring about a complete break with Sukarno, and moreover believes that the defense of Malaysia is primarily a British responsibility, but President Johnson promised “anything you like from sergeants on up” in the way of military training. Moreover, he agreed to consider the Tunku’s request for U.S. jets and helicopters.

But if Singapore’s racial split widens to include the whole federation, not even airplanes will be any help. The feud between Malays and Chinese could then become a greater threat to the federation than Sukarno. To prevent all Malaysia from running amok, Lee and the Tunku called on all Malaysians to cooperate with the central government. “The first phase of the rioting is over,” Lee said. “Our business now is to restore confidence. If order isn’t restored, we’ll all go mad.”

COMMUNISTS

My Daddy Can Beat Your Daddy Several Centuries from Now

The ideological issue between Moscow and Peking, once so murky, was assuming an almost dazzling clarity.

Out last week were the latest statistics for Soviet industrial production, showing a 7½% increase in the first half of 1964. Many Western experts suspect the real figure to be about 5%, but even if correct, it would be the smallest percentage increase claimed since 1942. The usual claim in recent years has been closer to 10%. The lag appears to be caused by crop setbacks, which affected the food production industry, and a sharp drop in the increase in productivity. To cope with this, Khrushchev talks more and more about providing greater incentives, only recently announced a 20% to 40% wage increase for some 18 million doctors, white-collar workers, teachers.

This is the kind of thing Nikita’s rivals in Red China watch with growing suspicion. As Peking put it in its latest blast, a 24,000-word article in People’s Daily: “A privileged bourgeois stratum has emerged in Soviet society.” In fact, Khrushchev’s “phony Communism” is restoring the “forces of capitalism” and substituting for the class struggle “the struggle for a good dish of goulash.” It is the “Communism of the American way of life, and Communism seeking credits from the devil.”

Western Russia- and China-watchers are carefully studying the attack, and Berlin Kremlinologist Richard Lowenthal concludes that, far from being merely another anti-Russian blast, it is in effect “Mao Tse-tung’s ideological testament.” For the document warns that the same sort of wicked reversion to capitalism that is happening in the

Soviet Union could also happen in China. The Chinese party has had some cases of “degeneration,” says the article, and there must be ceaseless vigilance to keep the newer generation of Chinese leaders from going soft, as the West hopes they will. Concluded Mao’s testament: “A very long period of time is needed to decide who will win the struggle between socialism and capitalism. Several decades won’t do it. Success requires anywhere from one to several centuries.”

RED CHINA

Tourism for Ugly Imperialists

Every Friday morning, Pakistan International Airlines flight 750, a Boeing 720 jet, takes off from Dacca in East Pakistan and heads for Shanghai—the only major flight by a non-Communist airline into Red China. PIA has been making the run for three months, charging \$428 for economy class round trip, and so profitable has it turned out to be that the airline is adding a second weekly flight. The Chinese Communists are using the Pakistani planes to open the door, at least a tantalizing crack, to Western business and tourist dollars.

Kits promoting the tourist pleasures of Forbidden China have been sent to thousands of travel agents. Chinese consulates now grant tourist visas in a startlingly quick three days. The result has been an increasing flow of travelers and fellow travelers from almost everywhere except the U.S. (neither Washington nor Peking will permit Americans to enter).

Kindergarten Quacks. Those who do get in are allowed to see only the carefully polished edges of China. For \$30 a day, not including transportation, they are chaperoned by official guides over a neatly policed route that

takes in six cities, including Peking, and a few selected communes, schools and factories for those who are interested. The visits can be deceiving: one kindergarten class began a quacking song for the benefit of a French tourist. As he recalls it, “‘How charming,’ I thought, ‘a song about ducks.’ But then I learned they were singing something that sounded like *quan quoat quai*, which means, more or less, ‘Ugly imperialists, go home!’”

The London Daily Mail’s Angus Macpherson, who went in on the first PIA flight, described the New China as “a land of spacious loveliness cultivated down to the last inch, crisscrossed with power lines.” To tourists, the most vivid first impression is cleanliness—the result of a Communist Party drive to shame, cajole and organize the people into cleanup squads that left everything shining.

Bare Subsistence. Kitchens may be clean, but they are also bare. The people still subsist on cabbage and rice, although good harvests have ended the near famine of the early ’60s. Sugar and wheat are still rationed, but ice cream and cakes are plentiful and cheap, and the stalls at the central markets are banked high with ornamental heaps of vegetables, meat, tiny eggs and fish. “China has not forgotten how to eat,” one tourist was told by his guide. Nor has it forgotten how to cook—for those who can pay for it. The once-great cuisine of Peking has slipped, but French TV Commentator Maurice Werther, who traveled 10,000 miles during six weeks in China, would still give even tourist-hotel tables a two-star rating in *Michelin*.

China’s big city hotels are fair and, for tourists with hard currency, inexpensive (about \$6 for a single room with bath). Most of the time the plumbing works, the hot water is hot.



MAO TSE-TUNG RECEIVING STUDENTS
Threats of softness in the younger generation.



NANKING STREET SCENE



HOTEL DINING ROOM IN SHANGHAI

Pasteurized prostitutes in a vast, songless plain.



BOY & GIRL IN HANGCHOW*

But in winter, hotels in South China are poorly heated, and those in the north are so overheated that guests have to keep their windows wide open. In the summer, only Canton's Yang-cheng Hotel has air conditioning—and it is turned on only between 5 and 10 p.m. Other hotels usually supply electric fans, but cut off all power every night. Still, the service is excellent, and so scrupulously honest that most travelers never bother to lock their hotel room doors. In fact, it becomes almost impossible to get rid of anything. One Briton tried to lose a hotel towel he had borrowed in Karachi, but it kept reappearing, wet and reproachful, at his every departure from every Chinese hotel. Finally, he claims, he had to carry it back to Karachi.

Rooftop Exercise. Despite China's many wonders, Western visitors find the atmosphere depressing. The cleanup squads wiped out not only dirt but the birds, thereby turning China into a vast songless plain beyond the worst dream of the late Rachel Carson. News from the outside world is silenced, too, and one lonely visitor said he felt as if he were on a ship at sea without a radio.

In the streets the Chinese are uniformly clad and often regimented; even the children usually march in ranks of three or four. Early every morning, Radio Peking broadcasts 15 minutes of calisthenics, and Chinese rush to parks, public squares or their own rooftops to follow the exercises. The physical culture cult is so strong that one traveler reports watching a woman doctor shadowbox down a crowded street without arousing even an inquiring glance.

Night life is virtually nonexistent. There is dancing until 11 p.m. at Peking's International Club, where a white-gloved bandleader leads the reeds through *Red Sails in the Sunset* and other period pieces. Otherwise, there is only a handful of dreary hotel bars, their offerings all home brews, including several poisonous brands of "whis-

ky." The Communists claim, with apparent truth, to have "re-educated" all prostitutes into other callings—to the extreme discomfort of hot-blooded Cuban delegations. A distressed Frenchman reports that once-bawdy Shanghai has been "almost pasteurized," its palatial *Grand Monde* brothel remodeled into an all-purpose amusement center in which ten operas are performed, simultaneously, in ten separate theaters.

"I often wondered how there could be a population problem," says French TV-man Werther. "One can see a boy and a girl walking side by side, but rarely arm in arm and never hand in hand." Some tourists can't even tell the boys from the girls: both sexes wear man-nish haircuts and high-necked coveralls. One Pakistani visitor reports that bosoms are being "ruthlessly suppressed" to de-emphasize sex. Complains Werther: "I saw a woman's leg only twice. Nothing but pants."

Current Attractions. Propaganda, now directed almost as much against Russia as the West, is a constant nagging companion. Pamphlets in every major language are strategically placed in every hotel; from glass boxes on the streets stare the pictures and life stories of the latest Communist Heroes and Model Workers, and giant wall posters admonish the masses to "Meet Production Quotas Ahead of Schedule." Moviegoers see almost nothing but Chinese films, heavily propagandized. And China's ancient, superbly gaudy folk opera has been turned into the hardest of all Communist Party sells. Sample playbills during one recent Peking opera week:

People's Theater: *Busybody Li*, the story of an overeager woman on a commune.

People's Art Theater: *After the Bumper Harvest*.

Labor Theater: *Sentry Under the Neon Lights*, the story of how the "Good Eight Company" stood firm against the temptations of big city life in evil, immoral old Shanghai.

MONACO

Big Deal on Casino Street

The job took only three minutes. At 10:30 a.m., a tiny grey Citroën delivery truck double-parked in front of Clerc's jewelry shop, on the Place du Casino across from Monte Carlo's tourist-draped Hôtel de Paris. Three men in smocks, mountaineer hoods and sub-machine guns jumped out; one took station at the door. Inside the store, the smaller hood yanked the telephone wire and smacked an employee while the larger hood snapped a burst of bullets through the window of a display case.

As alarm bells rang, the two men coolly ladled a stream of gems into a black bag. "They heard the signal go off," said the shop's manager later, "but they didn't lose their *sang-froid*. They took only diamonds, emeralds and really precious necklaces. They chose well."

When a cop turned up, another of the gunmen cut him down with two shots. An onlooker intervened to help the wounded policeman, and one of the hoods said: "*Fous le camp* (Buzz off)." He did, and they did too. Several hours later, police found the stolen Citroën. In it were two Tommy guns, five pistols, two lead pipes, a grenade, and a lingering air of smug satisfaction.

Clerc clerks stayed up most of the night taking inventory of the stolen jewels—a task that was becoming routine, since this was the fourth time in a decade that the store had been hit. This time, though, the take was more than \$2,000,000. That made the Monte Carlo jewel robbery the biggest ever pulled off in Europe. But the thieves would probably clear no more than \$300,000 after breaking up the gems and paying commissions to middlemen. In Europe as elsewhere, good fences rarely make good neighbors.

* In background: stone sculptures guarding tomb of Yo Fei, general of the 12th century Sung Dynasty.